brother of a Lieutenant-Governor of one who, when I first lived in the Bombay Presidency, was its uncrowned king, though he now occupies an unknown position in the land of shades.

From his Excellency the Governor to the humblest sepoy all trembled in deadly awe of this terrible personage, who held himself above all law, an unmuzzled autocrat in fact, and for himself and his retinue set aside regulations which even royalties punctiliously observed, with the tremendous phrase *c I am John Cogent ! "

Only once was this honoured enormity taken at a disadvantage and that by a gallant Colonel wjio has since joined him in shadow land.

" Ah/' he said, " *when we get into the Bayswafer bus* I shall still be Colonel Darly Dale ! "

Dumbfounded, paralysed, the great man collapsed into a corner.

Yet greater kindness and camaraderie is shown among the English in India to each other when in trouble than in any other community.

When a poor little woman went mad over the

death of her baby and locked herself in with its corpse refusing to open the door, it was to Lady Curzon herself, who could not be denied, that the door eventually opened,